THE CNLY ROSE.

Just where the village abruptly ended, and the green mowing fields began, stood Mrs. Bickford's house, looking down the road with all its windows, and topped by two prim chimneys that stood up like ears. It was placed with an end to the road, and fronted southward; you could follow a straight path from the gate past . the front door and find Mrs. Bickford sitting by the last window of all in the solitary housekeeping.

every one else in Fairfield had put her all. I don't know but what I think of one house plants out of doors, there were still three flower pots on a kitchen window sill. Mrs. Bickford spent but little I can offer advice." time over her rose and geranium and Jerugained a kind of personality born of long | you would, if you could, Abby." association. They rarely undertook to bloom, but had most courageously maintained life in spite of their owner's unsympathetic but conscientious care. Later in the season she would carry them out of slights same's we can. doors, and leave them, until the time of frosts, under the shade of a great apple | be just, answered Mrs. Dicardia when under obligations to my late husband when tree, where they might make the best I look about and see how comfortable he of what the summer had to give.

The afternoon sun was pouring in, the Jerusalem cherry tree drooped its leaves in the heat and looked pale, when a neighshe passed the parlor with its shut blinds, and the sitting room, also shaded carefully from the light, she wished, as she had done many times before, that somebody heside the owner might have the pleasure of living in and using so good and pleas- ever knew Mr. Wallis in his prime?" ant a house. Mrs. Bickford always complained of having so much care, even while ing the right to do as she pleased with one of the best houses in Fairfield. Miss Pendexter was a cheerful, even gay little person, who always brought a pleasant flurry of excitement, and usually had a genuine though small piece of news to tell, or some new aspect of already received

had no gift at entertaining herself, and was always glad, as one might say, to be Miss Pendexter smiled back, as if she telt herself to be equal to the occasion. kindly as she entered the kitchen. "Why what a sight o' flowers, Mis' Bickford What be you goin' to do with 'em all? Mrs. Bickford wore a grave expression as she glanced ever her spectacles. "My sister's boy fetched 'em over," she an "You know my sister Parsons 's a great hand to raise flowers, an' this boy takes after her. He said his mother thought gardin never looked handsomer, and she picked me these to send over. They were sendin' a team to Westbury for some fertilizer to put on the land, an' he come with the men, an' stopped to eat his dinner 'long o' me. He's been growin' fast, and looks peaked. I expect sister 'Liza thought the ride, this pleasant day, would do him good. 'Liza sent word for me to come over and pass some days next week, but it ain't so that I can. "Why, it's a pretty time of year to go off and make a little visit," suggested the neighbor encouragingly ain't got my sitting-room chambe carpet taken up yet," sighed Mrs. Bickford it to-day, but 't was all at end when saw Tommy coming. There, he's a likely boy, an' so relished his dinner; I happened to be well prepared. I don't know but he's my favorite of that family. Only I've been sitting here thinkin' since he went, in' I can't remember that I ever was so belated with my spring cleaning Miss Pendexter. "None of us could be so smart as common this year, not even the lazy ones that always get one room done

the first o' March, and brag of it to others' shame, and never let on when they do the The two women laughed together cheer-Mrs. Bickford had put up the wide eaf of her large table between the windows ing them slowly into three heaps. "Why, I do declare if you haven't got a rose in bloom yourself," exclaimed Miss Pendexter abruptly, as if the bud had not been announced weeks before, and its

progress regularly commented upon. "Ain't it a lovely rose? Why, Mis' Bickford!"
"Yes'm, it's out to-day," said Mrs. Bickford, with a somewhat plaintive air. "I'm glad you come in so as to see it."

The bright flower was like. bright flower was like a face. Somehow, the beauty and life of it were surpris Miss Pendexter forgot herself and her hostwas subject to fits of untimely silence which made her friends anxiously sweep

at her now could easily see that it was not poverty of thought that made her speech-less, but an overburdening sense of the "Goin' to make up all your flowers into bo'quets? I think the short-stemmed kinds is often pretty in a dish." suggested Miss

"I thought I should make them into three Sister Eliza's very lavish with her flowers; she's always been a kind sister, too," ant to speak with so much sentiment, however, and as her neighbor looked at her narrowly she detected unusual signs emotion suddenly the nosegays were connected in her mind with er bereavement of three husbands, and Miss Pendexter's somewhat aroused curishe was pretty sure to spend an afternoon

osity was quieted by the discovery that her friend was bent upon a visit to the burying ground. It was the time of year when there, and sometimes they had taken the walk in company. Miss Pendexter expected to receive the usual invitation, but there was nothing further said at the moment, and she looked again at the pretty Mrs. Bickford aimlessly handled the

syringas and flowering almond sprays, choosing them out of the fragrant heap only to lay them down again. She glance out of the window; then gave Miss Pendexter a long, expressive look. "I expect you're goin' to carry 'em over to the burying ground?" inquired the guest,

m a sympathetic tone. "Yes'm," said the hostess, now well started in conversation, and in quite her every-day manner. "You see I was goin over to my brother's folks to-morrow. South Fairfield, to pass the day; they said they were goin' to send over to-morrow to leave a wagon at the blacksmith's, and they'd hitch that to their best chalse, so I could ride back very comfortable. You know I have to avoid bein' out in the Miss Pendexter smiled to herself at thi moment; she was obliged to move from her chair at the window, the May sun was so hot on her back, for Mrs. Bickford always kept the curtains rolled high up, out of the way, for fear of fading and dust The kitchen was a blaze of light. As for the Sunday chaise being sent, it was well known that Mrs. Bickford's married brothers and sisters comprehended the truth that she was a woman of property, and had neither chick ner child. "So I thought 't was a good opportunity to just stop an' see if the lot was in good order-last spring Mr. Wallis's stone hove with the frost; an' so I could take these flowers." She mave a sigh. "I ain't one that can bear flowers in a close room-they bring on a headache, but I enjoy 'em as neuen as anybody to look at, only you never know what to put 'em in. If I could be out in the mornin' sun, as some do and keep flowers in the house, I should have me a gardin, certain," and she sighed

"A garden's a sight o' care, but I don't because none o' the care I give to mine. I have to scant on flowers so's to make room for pole beans," said Miss Pendexter gally. She had only a tiny strip of land behind her house, but she always had something to give away, and made riches out of her narrow poverty. "A few flowers gives me just as much pleasure as more she added. "You get acquainted with things when you've only got one or two roots. My sweet williams is just like "Mr. Bickford was partial to sweet wil-

bams," said Mrs. Bickford, "I never knew him to take notice of no other sort of flow-When we'd be over to Elliza's he'd walk down her gardin, an' he'd never make no comments until he come to them, and then he'd say, 'Those is sweet williams.' How many times I've heard him."

"You ought to have a sprig of 'em for his bo'quet," suggested Miss Pendexter.

"I don't know but you think it's foolish to tie 'em up this afternoon," she said pres- out in the field, a-ploughin' or a-hoein', out in the field, a' the time no

there's a draft o' air, and then I should have all my time in the morning. I shall have a good deal to do before I go. I always sweep the setting room and front entry Wednesdays, I want to leave everything nice, goin' away for all day so. So meant to get the flowers out o' the way this afternoon. Why, it's most half-past 4. ain't it? But I shan't pick the rose till mornin'; 't will be blowed out better then." "The rose?" questioned Miss Pendexter. Why, are you goin' to pick that, too?"

"Yes, I be. I never like to let 'em fade There, that's just what's a-troublin' me," and she turned to give a long, imploring look at the friend who sat beside her. Miss Pendexter had moved kitchen, unless she were solemnly stepping don't seem to know which of 'em ought to about, prolonging the stern duties of her have it," said Mrs. Bickford despondently. I do so hate to make a choice between One day in early summer, when almost pecially Mr. Bickford, and I respected 'em of 'em most as much as I do of the other.' "Why, it is difficult for you, ain't it?" responded Miss Pendexter. "I don't know's

'No, I s'pose not," answered her friend slowly, with a shadow of disappointment salem cherry tree, although they had coming over her calm face. "I feel sure Both of the women felt as if they were powerless before a great emergency. "There's one thing-they're till in a bet-

ter world now," said Miss Pendexter, in a self-conscious and constrained voice; "they can't feel such little things or take note o' "No; I suppose 't is myself that wants to be just," answered Mrs. Bickford. "I feel

left me. Poor Mr. Wallis had his great projects, an' perhaps if he'd lived longer have made a record; but when he died he'd failed all up, owing to that patent cornsheller he'd put everything into, and, bor, Miss Pendexter, came in from the next as you know, I had to get the next few years, any way I could for the next few years, house but one to make a friendly call. As | Life was very disappointing with Mr. Wallis, but he meant well, an' used to be an amiable person to dwell with, until his temper got spoiled makin' so many hopes, an' havin' 'em turn out failures. He had consider'ble of an air, an' dressed very handsome, when I was first acquainted with him, Mr. Wallis did. I don't know's you "He died the year I moved over here from North Denfield," said Miss Pendexter, in a tone of sympathy. "I jest knew him by she valued herself intelligently upon hav- sight. I was to his funeral. You know you lived in what we call the Wells house then, and I felt it wouldn't be an intrusion, we was such near neighbors. The first time I ever was in your house was just before that, when he was sick, an' Mary 'Becca Wade an' I called to see if there was any-"They used to say about town that Mr.

Wallis went to an' fro like a mailcoach and brought nothin' to pass," announced Mrs. Bickford without bitterness. "He Mrs. Bickford smiled as she looked up ought to have had a better chance than he he had excellent ideas, but he never'd he contrived. I used to be real narrowhated to think of leaving my folks; and now I see that I never done right by him. His ideas was good. I know once he was on a jury, and there was a man stopping to the tavern where he was, near the court-Lowell; and they engaged in talk, an' Mr. trivances, an' he said that man wouldn't an' said he'd look for a chance for him u to Lowell. It all sounded so well that kind of begun to think about goin' myself Mr. Wallis said we'd close the house here and go an' board through the winter. But he never heard a word from him, and the disappointment was one he never got over did then. I often used to be kind of disapproving to Mr. Wallis; but there, used to be always tellin' over his great projects. Somebody told me once that a he was to court had got some patents for the very things Mr. Wallis used to be workset things up so other folks could ha' seen their value. His machines always used to work kind of rickety, but folks used to come from all round to see 'em; they was curiosities if they wa'n't nothin' eise, an'

Mrs. Bickford paused a moment, with some geranium leaves in her hand, and seemed to suppress with difficulty a desire to speak even more freely. "He was a dreadful notional man." said at last, regretfully, and as if this fact were a poer substitute for what had time he worked all through the early win he went and spent all that time for nothin when the cow was dry, an' we was wit difficulty berrowin' a pint o' milk a da somewheres in the neighborhood just to get along with." Mrs. Bickford flushed with displeasure, and turned to look at her visitor. "Now what do you think of such a man as that, Miss Pendexter?" she

"Why, I don't know but 't was just as good for an invention," answered Miss Penlexter timidly; but her friend looked doubt-"Then I asked him where it was, on day that spring when I'd got tired to death churnin', and' the butter wouldn't come in a churn I'd had to borrow, and he'd gone an' took ours all to pieces to get the works to make some other useless contrivance with. He had no sort of a business turn but he was well meanin', Mr. Wallis was an' full of divertin' talk; they used to call never had no proper chance. I've always now the widow Bickford. "I'm sure you always speak well of him said Miss Pendexter. "'Twas a pity be hadn't got among good business men, who could push his inventions an' do all the "I was left very poor an' needy for then

next few years," said Mrs. Bickford mournfully; "but he never'd give up but what her nephew John grew every moment to be should die worth his \$50,000. I don't see be more and more a reliance. It was very said Mrs. Bickford vaguely. She was not | now how I ever did get along them next | comfortable to sit by his side, even thoug few years without him; but there, I always managed to keep a pig, an' sister Eliza gave me my potatoes, and I made out somehow. I could dig me a few greens, you know, in the spring, and then't would ome strawberry time, and other berries a-followin' on. I was always decent to go to meetin' till within the last six months. an' then I went in bad weather, when folks wouldn't notice; but 't was a rainy summer, an' I managed to get considerable preachin' after all. My clothes looked proper enough when it was a rainy Sunday. I often think o' them pinched dovs now, when I'm left so comfortable by Mr. Bick-

> "Yes'm, you've everything to be thankful for," said Miss Pendexter, who was a poor herself at that moment as her friend had ever been, and who never could dream venturing upon the support and championship of a pig. "Mr. Bickford was a very personable man," she hastened to say, the confidences were so intimate and "Oh, very," replied Mrs. Bickford; "there

was something about him that was very marked. Strangers would always ask who he was as he come into meetin'. His words counted; he never spoke except he had to. 'Twas a relief at first after Mr. Wallis's being so fluent; but Mr. Wallis was splendid company for winter evenings -'t would be 8 o'clock before you knew it. I didn't use to listen to it all, but he had a great deal of information. Mr. Bickford was dreadfully dignified; I used to he sort of meechin' with him along at the first, for fear he'd disapprove of me; but found out 't wa'n't no need; he was always just that way, an' done everything by rule an' measure. He hadn't the mind of my other husbands, but he was a very dignified appearing man; he used 'most always to sleep in the evenin's, Mr. Bick-

ford did." claimed Miss Pendexter. "Why, I couldn't tell 'em apart: the flowers are comin' out just right, aren't they?" Mrs. Bickford nodded assent, and then, startled by sudden recollection, she cast a quick glance at the rose in the window. "I always seem to forget about your first husband, Mr. Fraley," Miss Pendexter suggested bravely. "I've often heard you speak of him, too, but he'd passed away ong before I ever knew you. "He was but a boy," said Mrs. Blekford. "I thought the world was done for me when he died, but I've often thought was a mercy for him. He come of a very melancholy family, and all his brothers an' sisters enjoyed noor health; it might have been his lot. Fo'ks said we was as pretty a couple as ever come into church; we was both dark, with black eyes an' a good deal o' color-you wouldn't expect it to see me now. Albert was one that held o own the town, an' he had a good word

up his head, and looked as if he meant for everybody. I don't know what the years might have brought forth." There was a long pause. Mrs. Bickford eaned over to pick up a heavy-headed Guelder rose that had dropped on the floor. "I expect 't was what thav call fullin' in love," she added, in a different tone; "he wa'n't nothin' but a boy, an' I wa'n't nothin' but a girl, but we was dreadful happy. He didnt' favor his folks-they all had hay-colored hair and was foled looking, except his mother; they was alike, and looked alike, and set everything by each other. He was just the kind of a "Yes, I've put a sprig in," said her com- strong, hearty young man that goes right if they get a fever. We was just sel-At this moment Miss Pendexter took a tled on a little farm, an' he'd have done they were as nearly alike as careful hands could make them. Mrs. Bickford was evidently trying to dently trying to reach absolute impar- voice to sing; they said there wa'n't no such tenor voice in this part o' the State.

was nothin' ever sounded so sweet to me. ain't one that ever had much fancy, but knowed Albert had a pretty voice." Mrs. Bickford's own voice trembled a little, but she held up the last bouquet and examined it critically. "I must hurry now an' put these in water," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone. Little Miss Pendexter was so quiet and sympathetic that her hostess felt no more embarrassed than if she had been talking to herself only. 'Yes: they do seem to droop some; is a little warm for them here in the sun, said Miss Pendexter; "but you'll find they'll come up if you give them their fill o' water. They'll look very handsome tomorrow; folks'll notice them from the road. You've arranged them very tasty, Mis'

'They do look pretty, don't they?" Mrs. Bickford regarded the three in turn. "I want to have them all pretty. You may deem it strange. Abby. "Why, no, Mis' Bickford," said the guest sincerely, although a little perplexed by the solemnity of the occasion. "I know how 'tis with friends-that having one don't keep you from wanting another; 't is just like havin' somethin' to eat, and then wantin' somethin' to drink just the same. I ex-

pect all friends find their places.' But Mrs. Bickford was not interested in this figure, and still looked vague and anxious as she began to brush the broken stems and wilted leaves into her wide calico apron. "I done the best I could while they was alive," she said, "and mourned 'em when I lost em, an' I feel grateful to be left so comfortable now when all is over. It seems foolish, but I'm still at a

loss about that rose." "Perhaps you'll feel sure when you first wake up in the morning," answered Miss Pendexter solicitously. "It's a case where Pendexter solicitously. don't deem myself qualified to offer you any advice. But I'll sav one thing, seeing 's you've been so friendly spoken and confiding with me. I never was married myself. Mrs. Bickford, because it wasn't so that I could have the one I liked." "I suppose he ain't livin', then? Why I wasn't never aware you had met with a disappointment, Abby," said Mrs. Bick-ford instantly. None of her neighbors had

ever suspected little Miss Pendexter of a

"Yes'm, he's livin'," replied Miss Pendexter humbly. "No'm, I never have heard that he died.' "I want to know," exclaimed the woman of experience. "Well, I'll tell you this Abby: you may have regretted your lot, and felt lonesome and hardshiped, but they all have their faults, and a single woman's got her liberty, if she ain't got other bless-"'T wouldn't have been my choice to liv alone," said Abby, meeker than before

"I feel very thankful for my blessin's, all

the same. You've always been a kind neigh-

bor. Mis' Bickford." "Why can't you stop to tea?" asked the elder woman, with unusual cordiality; but Miss Pendexter remembered that her hostess often expressed a dislike for unexmost to Albert, but she had not liked to say so. The sun was low; the green fields stretched away southward into the misty

Mrs. Bickford's house appeared to watch her out of sight down the road, the next morning. She had lost all spirit for her holiday. Perhaps it was the unusual excitement of the afternoon's reminiscences, or it might have been simply the bright moonlight night which had kept her broad awake until dawn, thinking of the past, and more and more concerned about the rose. By this time it had ceased to be merely present comfort and well being was due to Mr. Bickford; still, it was Mr. Wallis who had been most unfortunate, and to whom she had done least justice. If she owed recognition to Mr. Bickford, she certainly owed amends to Mr. Wallis, If she gave him the rose it would be for the sake of affectionate apology. And then there was Albert, to whom she had no thought of being either indebted or forgiving. But she could not escape from the terrible feeling of indecision. It was a beautiful morning for a drive

but Mrs. Bickford was kept walting some time for the chaise. Her nephew, who was to be her escort, had found much social advantage at the blacksmith's shop, so that it was after 10 when she finally started with the three flat-backed bouquets, covered with a newspaper to protect them from the sun. The petals of the almond flowers were beginning to scatter. leaked out of the newspaper and trickled down the steep slope of her best dress to the bottom of the chaise. Even yet she had not made up her mind; she had stopped trying to deal with such an evasive thing as decision, and leaned back and rested as best she could "What an old fool I be," she rebuked herself from time to time, in so loud a whisper that her companion ventured a respectful "What, ma'am?" and was astonhandsome young man, but Mrs. Bickford could never cease thinking of him as a boy. He had always been her favorite among the younger members of the family and he now returned this affectionate feeling, being possessed of an instinctive

and garish about the beauty of the summer day. After the shade and shelter of the house Mrs. Bickford suffered from even a more contracted and assailed feeling out of doors. The very trees by the roadside had a curiously fateful, trying way of standing back to watch her as she passed in the acute agony of her indecision. that flew too near the chaise in a momen against her will; but the companionship of he had nothing to say; he was manly and cheerful and she began to feel protected. "Aunt Bickford," he suddenly announced, "I may, 's well out with it. I've got a piece o' news to tell you, if you won't let on to nobody. I expect you'll laugh, but you know I've set everything by Mary Lizzie Gifford ever since I was a boy. Well, sir! "Well, sir," exclaimed Aunt Bickford in her turn, quickly roused into most comfortable self-forgetfulness. "I am really pleased. She'll make you a good, smart wife. Ain't all the folks pleased, both sides?" "Yes, they be," answered John soberly. with a happy, important look that became

"I guess I can make out to do something for you to help along, when the right time comes," said Aunt Bickford impulsively, after a moment's reflection. "I've known what it is to be starting out in life with plenty o' hope. You ain't calculatin' on gettin' married before fall-or be ve?" "'Long in the fall," said John regretfully, "I wish t' we could set up for ourselves right away this summer. I ain't got much ahead, but I can work well as anybody, an' now I'm out o' my time.' "She's a nice, modest, pretty girl. thought she liked you, John," said the old "I saw her over to your mother's, aunt.

"Certain," said John, turning to look at her affectionately, surprised by this outspokenness and lack of embarrassment be tween them. "Thank you, aunt," he said simply; " you're a real good friend to me." and he looked away again hastly, and blushed a fine scarlet over his sun-browned "She's coming over to spend the day with the girls," he added. "Mother thought of it. You don't get over to see us very often."

last day I was there. Well, I expect you'll

Mrs. Bickford smiled approvingly. John's mother looked for her good opinion, no doubt, but it was very proper for John to have told his prospects himself, and in such a pretty way. There was no shilly-shallying about the boy. "My gracious." said John suddenly. "I'd like to have drove right by the burying ground. I forgot we wanted to stop. Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Bickford herself had not noticed the burying ground. either, in her excitement and pleasure now she felt distressed and responsible again, and showed it in her face at once. The young man leaped lightly to the ground, and reached for the flowers. "Here, you just let me run up with 'em." day, an' you'll mind it risin' the hill. We'll stop as I fetch you back to-night, and you can go up comfortable an' walk the yard on being so. Every woman of good sense after sundown when it's cool, an' stay as | and cultivated taste may be safely left to long as you're a mind to. You seem sort of tired, aunt." "I don't know but what I will let you carry 'em," said Mrs. Bickford slowly. To leave the matter of the rose in the hands of fate seemed weakness and cowardice, but there was not a moment for consideration. John was a smiling fate and his proposition was a great relief. She watched him go away with a terrible inward shaking, and sinking of pride. She had held the flowers with so firm a grasp that her hands felt weak and numb, and as she leaned back and shut her eves she was afraid to open them again at first for fear of knowing the bouquets apart even at that distance, and giving instructions which she might regret. With a sudden impulse she called John once or twice eagerly; but her voice had a thin and pingood look at the bouquets, and found that well if he'd had time; as it was, he left ets that chirped in the fresh summer grass they were as at the bouquets, and found that well if he'd had time; as it was, he left ets that chirped in the fresh summer grass they were as a tree bouquets, and found that well if he'd had time; as it was, he left ets that chirped in the fresh summer grass The bright light on the white stones dazzled Mrs. Bickford's eyes; and then all at once she felt light-hearted, and the sky seemed to lift itself higher and wider from scription of the inevitable woman who the earth, and she gave a sigh of relief | went to the show, and, with a pale face,

what a touse I be. I don't see what I had to go and pick the old rose for, any-"I declare, they did look real handsome, aunt," said John's hearty voice as he approached the chaise. "I set 'em up just as you told me. This one fell out an' I kept I don't know's you'll care. I can give He faced her now with a bright, boyish took. There was something gay in his buttonhole; it was the red rose. Aunt Bickford blushed like a girl. "Your choice is easy made," she faltered mysteriously, and then burst out laughing, there in front of the burying ground. "Come, get right in, dear," she said. "Well, well; I guess the rose was made for you; it looks very pretty in your coat, John."
She thought of Albert, and the next moment the tears came into her old eyes.

John was a lover, too.
"My first husband was just such a tall, straight young man as you be," she said as they drove along. "The flower he first give me was a rose.' -Sarah Orne Jewett, in Atlantic Monthly. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

No fewer than 1.760 ancient manuscript copies of the New Testament in whole or in It is one of the odd things in nature that the number of rows on an ear of corn The annual death rate of New York is 26.47 in the thousand, the highest rate of any large city. Potatoes are most greedily devoured in Germany, where the people eat \$280,600,000

It has just been demonstrated that a gal-lon of alcohol can be made from a bushel of sweet potatoes. Of the 250 counties of Texas, 26 have less than 100 inhabitants; 37 less than 1,000, and only 81 over 10,000. Dr. H. K. Carroll estimates that of a population of 62,622,250 in the United States, 56,992,000 are Christians.

German editors receive an average of \$6.71

salary per week; proof readers, \$5.22; compositors, \$3.96; the devil gets \$1.42. The smallest horse in existence belongs to the Shah of Persia. It is 12% inches high and wears gold shoes worth \$20 each. The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so named from a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe. A copy of the original edition of Izaak Walton's "Angler," printed in 1652, was re-cently sold for nearly \$1,500 by a Cleveland book firm.

A collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold piece marked "Christian Idol." There is a lighthouse to every fourteen

miles of coast in England, to every thirty-Mozart was small and slight. His face was very thin and pale, and his nose, always prominent, became much more so from the extreme emaciation of his later

The longest continuous cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for four and a half

There are nearly 36,000 adult Christians in Japan. distributed as follows: Presbyterians, 11,190; Congregationalists, 19,760; Methodists, 7,689; Episcopalians, 4,366; Baptists, 1,765; all others, 388. The United States navy now ranks seventh among the world's fleets. It consists of orty-one vessels. During the past year nine

ships were launched and six completed and In 1835 the rate of wages in Europe was very low. Day laborers in Italy received 8 cents per day; in Russia, 12 cents; in Holland, 18 cents; in France, 30 cents; in England, 40 cents; in the United States, 84

There is a club in Berlin called t Giants, every member of which is six feet tall. Vienna has a Lazy Club, no member of which does anything for a living, and London a Bald-headed Club, where nothing out polished skulls are seen.

irmament of the brig Armstrong, which did such good service in the historic engagement in the Azores in the early days of the Republic, is to be taken to Washington for safe keeping at the navy yard. Recent statistics show that while mission-

ary societies in this country have 3,010 missionaries, 11,256 native helpers and 295, 825 communicants, the societies of Great Britain have 4.252 missionaries, 27,656 native helpers and 349,189 communicants. It is generally supposed that the Brook-lyn bridge has the longest single span (1.595 feet) in the world, but there are several much longer, two in the bridge in the

Frith of Forth are each 1,700 in length, and that over the Oxus has a span of 2,-004 feet. The proposed Hoboken bridge will have a single span of 2,850 feet. In many parts of Germany the hardest outdoor work falls to the lot of the women. They plow and spade the fields, follow the coal carts through the cities, and put the coal in the cellars while the male driver sits on the wagon, and draw the milk wagons nto the towns, a woman and a dog generaly making a team for the milk cart.

When Mauritlus was ceded to Great Britain in 1819 there was a gigantic turtle in a court of the artillery barracks at Port Louis. It weighs 330 pounds, and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is eight feet six inches long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease. It is be-lieved to be at least two hundred years

Additions to rented premises, when made by the tenant, should never be fastened by hails, but with screws. Should he wish to move away and take with him the lumber omposing the improvements he has made e can simply draw out the screws and take the planks. If he fastens them with nails the improvements become the landord's property.

FASHION NOTES.

Fine black wollen and silk-warp fabrics are prettily fashioned with a yoke, crush collar and belt of changeable velvet. Silks will be more used during the spring and summer seasons for afternoon and church dresses than they have been for

Nearly all the new dress costumes of velvet and cloth are accompanied by a velvet cape to match, or a cape of cloth with a deep collarette of velvet, showing that capes are stil to reign. Braiding will be one of the very popular itess decorations this spring, and narrow

soutache braids are put upon the market in black and the standard colors, and also woven with metal threads for braiding vests, revers, skirt-seams and borders, overdresses, panels, cape-collars, sleeve-Moire, after a brief period of banishment, seems to lead in silks; it comes in a gerat variety of styles, in satin and moire

stripes, in the "watered silk" of our grand-

mothers and in the rich brocade moires;

black is in the ascendant, but elegant din-

ner gowns are made of black with brocaded designs in all the new colorings and in fioral patterns. Novelties in hosiery will constitute one of the factors in the forthcoming fancies of fashion. The range seems unlimited if the samples of spring importations may be taken as a criterion. Light tints and dark colorings are shown in plain, combination, or ribbed effects. Noveities in black cot-

ton hoslery are being brought out having

the embroidery woven in, which renders them almost as durable as the stocking All manner of Empire sleeves with a single or double cuff at the top are very advantageous for remodering handsome dresses. An effective sleeve for a dressy tollet drapes in a puff at the top, and falls thence in a deep frill of lace caught up on the inside of the arm. The Marie Antoinette model has lace frills falling from the elbow, and the Venetian sleeve has a slashed puff at the top showing glimpses of contrasting color. The effect is obtained by lining the ouff itself with satin, and drap-

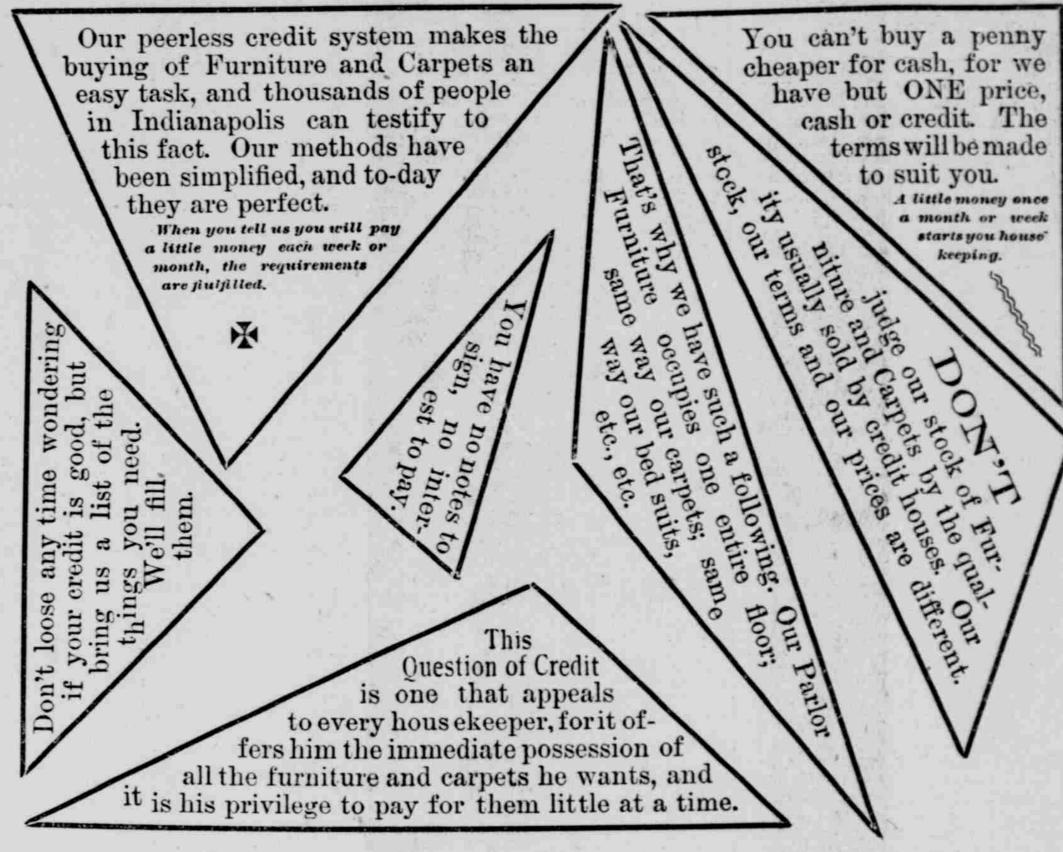
ing it on a close sleeve beneath. A fashion writer in the New York Post says: The spirit of independence is every day becoming more and more a noticeable characteristic of American women in regard to dress as well as in many other regards. Opposition and ridicule seem rather to stimulate than dampen the ardor of women who, in the matter of gowning. dare to be free and are inflexibly bent judge for herself what is befitting, and those to whom these attributes may be vouchsafed will, in spite of criticism, follow their own will, whim, or inclination.

Bobby's Question.

Bobby-Pop, what has giraffes got such long necks for? Fond Parent-God gave them their long necks so that they could reach the leaves of the palm, which only grow at the top of the tree. That is the only way they can get at them. Bobby (after a pause)-Couldn't He have made the leaves grow lower down?

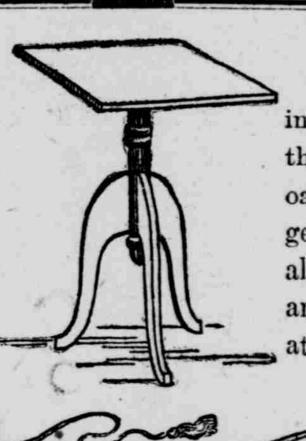
Comstock and "Kootchy-Kootchy." New York Recorder.

Mr. Comstock's recital of how he tried to stop the "danse du ventre" in Chicago was touching. It was given before the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and what struck me particularly was his deently, as she wound the first with a stout an' he didn't know it half o' the time, no as her messenger came back along the gasped: "I have been to the mouth of hell string "I know who I do here's been to the mouth of hell string "I know who I do here's been to the mouth of hell string the string string. "I thought I could put 'em in a more'n a common bird would. I don't know's path. "I know who I do hope's got the to-day." In the name of all that is cynical, more'n a common bird would. I don't know's right one." she said to herself. "There. why do ladies go to these shows? They



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went to the show when it was given here and were shocked. Excuse me for saying what I must say. I believe they like to see these things for the thrill caused. Come

SILVER QUESTION AT EL PASO. in that Town the Present Situation Is Entirely Satisfactory.

Boston Journal. A good story illustrating one phase of the silver question was told by lawyer Solomon Lincoln at the recent Christmas dinner of

the Merchants' Club, of which he is a mem-"People living on the border between Mexico and the United States ought to be pretty well satisfied with the present condition of affairs," said he, "with things as they are in the vicinity of El Paso, Tex. "El Paso is located on the Rio Grande. If you cross that river you are in Mexico. worth 100 cents, but if you go over into Mexico it is only worth 85 cents.

In El Paso an American silver dollar is "A Mexican silver dollar, on the other hand, is subject to a discount of 15 per cent. in El Paso. So that there is retaliation, you see. "When a citizen of El Paso is thirsty he steps into a barroom in his town and orders a lemonade or something stronger, and planks down an American silver dollar on the counter.

"The drink is placed on the counter. "After the customer has quenched his thirst he picks up his change. "This does not consist of 85 American cents, oh, no. The price of the drink was 5 cents, but the change consists of a Mexican silver dollar, worth but 85 cents. "Later in the day the citizen of El Paso crosses the river and pays a visit to the Mexican town, on business or pleasure. "He becomes thirsty again. "Entering a Mexican barroom he steps

to the counter and says: 'Whisky.' "The drink is placed on the bar, and after drinking the glass the El Paso man settles. This time he pays for his drink with a Mexican silver dollar. "The Mexican bartender smiles deprecatnigly as he gives his customer his changean American silver dollar, worth, of course,

"Then the American crosses over to El Paso again. He can go home and spend the night with his family, or he can buy another drink in his own town and get another Mexican silver dollar. "He can go back and forth all day, you see, get all he wants to drink and still have a silver dollar in his pocket. "It may be an American, or it may be Mexican silver dollar, it makes no differ-'Is it any wonder that the people of El Paso are satisfied with the present status of the silver question?"

Two Good Reasons. Chicago Tribune. "No, George," she said, "I'll take your

arm, if you please. My book of decorum

grabs a lady by the arm. Besides," she

added, "it's begun to take."

says pobody but a cad or an usher ever

Cures Scrotula Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cared of Ecrofula by the use of four bottles of state having had much other tre reduced to qui

of health, as it was thought she could not live. INHERITED SCROFULA.

Scrofula, which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. Mrs. T. L. Marnens, Matherville, Miss. Our book on Bloo I and Skin Diseases mailed free,

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